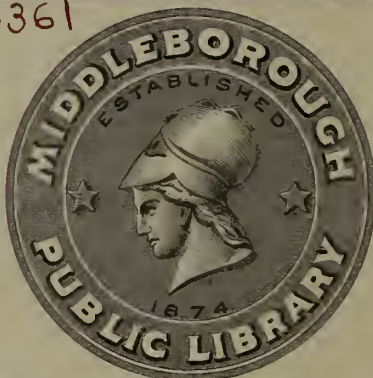


MEMORIAL  
HIGH SCHOOL  
CLASS *of* 1930

33361



FROM  
Class 1929.  
Memorial High School

Class N<sup>o</sup> 373

Book N<sup>o</sup>

Middleborough, Mass. Sept. 1930.





Year Book  
of the  
CLASS OF 1930

MEMORIAL HIGH SCHOOL  
MIDDLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS





To

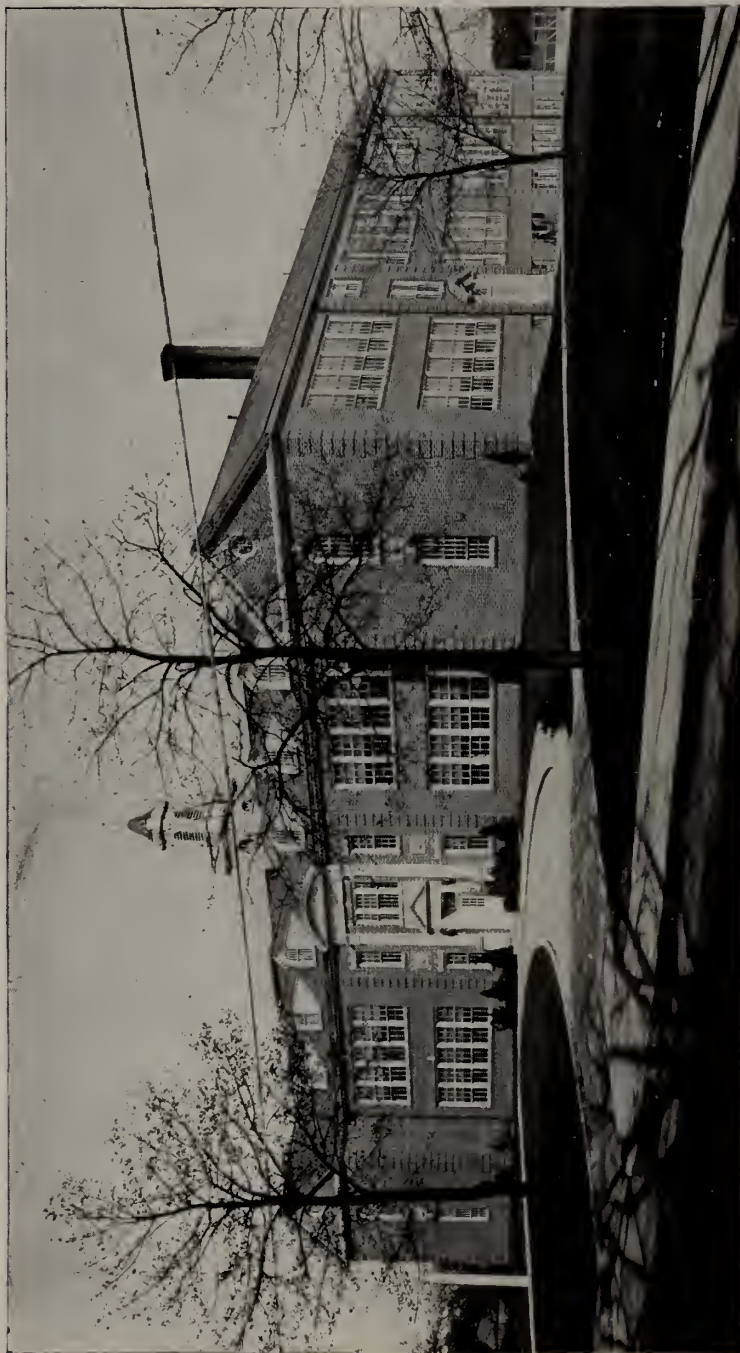
LEONARD O. TILLSON

*In Grateful Acknowledgment of His  
Inspiring Help and Encouragement,  
We Lovingly Dedicate this Book.*

## *Tribute*

We, the Class of 1930, are proud to show our appreciation of our beloved submaster for his many years of faithful service. Through his unfailing kindness, thoughtfulness and close association with the boys and girls, Mr. Tillson has given unsparingly of the rich gift of his personality.





*Memorial High School*



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## *The Faculty*



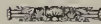
Walter Sampson, *Principal Emeritus*

Alfred R. Mack, *Principal*

Alice D. Brawn,	Anna C. Erickson,	H. Beatrice Randall,	
Irene M. Wentworth,	Lillian O'Neil,	Abby R. Field,	Florence Culhane,
Chrystal M. Chase,	Esther L. Moore,	Grace Allen,	
Bertha M. Cross,	Doris P. Chase,	Roland C. MacGown,	
Walter G. Hicks,	Ernest E. Thomas,	Leonard O. Tillson,	
Herbert L. Wilber,	Sylvia T. Comley,	Wirt B. Phillips	



## *Year Book Staff*



Virginia R. Sass, *Editor-in-Chief*

*Assistants:* Gwendolyn J. Hill, Norman A. Fowler

Alexander Heath, Jr. *Business Manager*

*Assistants:* Stanley A. Ware, John C. McDonald

Alberto P. Chase, *Sports*

Charlotte M. Smith, *Sports*

Florence M. Clark, *Art*

Frederick E. Eayrs, *Art*



## The Class



FREDERIC ALLEN—Frederic has been a loyal supporter of the black and orange on the football field. He has also given the Glee Club his support. Fred, you must remember that you are altogether too big to tease poor Mrs. Moore.



MARY ALLISON—Mary is one of our quiet girls. Her ambition is to travel, and we are all glad that she is going to realize her ambition by going to Washington this summer as a representative of Mass. 4-H Club. Our best wishes go with her.



ZOLA ANDERSON—Zola is our best dressed girl. She, also, is realizing her ambition,—“graduating”. We understand she is very fond of hunting. At least, she is always interested in “A. Chase.”



HELEN APRIL—Helen is our prettiest girl. On looking at her picture, can you doubt it? She is always pleasant and we know she will make a successful nurse.



PRISCILLA ARCHER—Priscilla is our quietest girl. She is a member of the Girls' Glee Club. She plans to go to Normal School and we wish her luck as a teacher.





ELLSWORTH BECKMAN—"Becky" is one of the boys that was on the field of battle for M. H. S. when the fray was a football game. He was voted the best dressed boy in the class. How he escaped being voted the class sheik is a question. Maybe all the girls weren't voting.

LAWRENCE BISSONNETTE—Lawrence is regarded as being quiet by some people—but perhaps that is because they do not know him as we do! As a business manager of the "Sachem" he certainly has done very commendable work. He has also been a supporter on the football field and the basketball court.

FREEMAN BLACK—Freeman's one ambition is to be a song writer. What kind of songs, Freeman? Anyway, his work in the Glee Club shows that he ought to succeed in his noble desire. He has also helped the M. H. S. nine with his hard hitting.

MILDRED BOWMAN—Mildred took the part of the haughty society lady in our class play. She was also on the play committee. She is a member of the Consule Planco and the Cosmos Clubs. She wants to go abroad. We hope she will realize her ambition.

CHARLES BRICKNELL—Although he is one of our quiet boys, we all know that Charles will succeed in whatever he plans to do. We expect, therefore, to see him Mayor of Plympton in the near future.





ELAINE BRICKNELL—Elaine is another one of our quiet girls (quietness must run in her family)—but what an ambition! We were shocked to hear that she wants to extend Plympton to the other side of the road. With the help of her brother as Mayor, her task will not prove to be difficult.



JAMES BROOKS, JR.—James is a quiet, hard-working lad. His blush is really quite charming. He has done much to help Mrs. Moore in the handling of the Commercial Department.



ROGER BURGER—We have made many speculations as to what Roger intends to do in the future, but not a word will he say. We recommend him as a companion to Ex-Pres. Coolidge for we are sure that neither would bore the other with too much talking. Roger gets along well with his teachers as he always has his lessons done.



FREDERIC CAREY—Now, girls, don't lose your hearts to Fred, for it won't do any good. He is entirely oblivious to your charms, but keeps his eyes on the "Styles." He belongs to the Pro Merito and Glee Club. He also has done fine work on the football squad.



RUTH CARVER—Look at her picture. Isn't she sweet? And she's just as nice in real life too. Do you want some descriptive adjectives? Here they are—attractive, agreeable, good-natured. Aw! what's the use, we couldn't name them all!



MADLINE CASWELL—Madeline is one of our readers. Many a concert she has helped to make a success. She is a member of the Glee Club and the Pro Merito Society. We all remember with pleasure her part in making the Senior Play a good one.

VIOLA CASWELL—Viola was voted our most popular girl. We weren't surprised, because for four years she has played the piano for the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs, the Orchestra, the Quartet and the Chorus. She has done typing for the Sachem and she is treasurer of the Student Body. She is secretary of our class and a member of the Pro Merito Society. Isn't that enough for anyone?

VIRGINIA CASWELL—Virginia is very "peppy." She is a member of the Girls' Glee Club, and a faithful member of the Orchestra. She has hopes of being an architect. We wish her the best of luck in her work.

MARGARET CHARRON—Look at those dimples! Don't they look mischievous? She belonged to the Girls' Glee Club for one year. Her favorite sport is riding on the bus from Lakeville to Middleboro. What does that mean?

ALBERTO CHASE—"Al" is the best all round fellow in the class. He has participated in baseball, football, and basketball, being captain of the last two for a year. He is a member of the Year Book Staff. A Freshman once said he heard Al say "Mazola." He wasn't very far off the track.







FLORENCE CLARK—"Flossy" is our artist. Although only four feet, ten, she has wonderful talent for a little girl. She worked hard on the cuts for our Year Book. We know she'll succeed, for gentlemen prefer blondes.



POLLY DREVINSKY—Polly is one of the youngest members of the class. Sweet sixteen! Her sunny smile makes her popular everywhere. She belongs to the Glee Club and the Pro Merito Society. She was the exchange editor of the Saehem for this year. We'll risk a mint of money for a seat in the Opera when you are Prima Donna, Polly.



FREDERICK EAYRS—"Ted" is the best looking fellow in the class. He is captain of the baseball nine this year, a member of the Year Book Staff, and president of the Pro Merito Society. When troubled with a cough, we recommend "Smith's."



ANNIE FABBRI—Annie is one of our faithful girls, always willing to help out. She typed in the office and did typing for the Saehem this year. She was in the track meet last year and is a member of the Pro Merito Society.



KATHRYN FAGAN—We really don't know what to make of Kathryn. We think she's bashful, but then you can't tell. "Silence is golden." If that's the case, who can estimate her value?



HELEN FARGO—Helen is one of the best dressed girls by vote of the class. She is a member of the Girls' Glee Club, and wants to become a private secretary. "Gentlemen prefer blondes" applies to Helen, also.



MARY FERRAGUTO—Mary was one of the "Amazons" in our play in 1928. She is a member of the Glee Club. She wants to become a housekeeper, but she didn't say for whom. We suspect she meant for herself?



NORMAN FOWLER—Norman was in our Senior Play, on the Year Book and Sachem Staffs, a member of the Pro Merito Society and the manager of baseball this year. He is always full of mischief and we all enjoy his pranks. He wants to be an engineer in the Andes. We think that's just another one of his jokes.



ALBERT GERRIOR—Albert has never let school work interfere with his sleep, as may be seen by his scurrying about period A to get "those studies" done. Cheer up, after June 18, you can challenge the ground hog.



RUTH GOODALE—We all like Ruth. We just can't help it. Do you suppose it's IT? She intends to study physical education. Good luck to you, Ruth. Her favorite subject is Shorthand.





ELWIN HANSON—By vote of the class, Elwin is the quietest member. But just remember, when he says anything, it usually is said at the right time. We all know he will succeed if he keeps up the good work.



ALEXANDER HEATH, JR.—“Alec” is the class sheik. He substituted in the Senior Play “Apple Blossom Time” for John McDonald at the last minute and put across the part of the “hick town constable” as if he had been practicing for a month. He was a member of the Glee Club, Orchestra, and Year Book Staff.



EDWARD HEATH—Eddie and his grin are one and inseparable. He will always have fond recollections of Plympton. He was a member of the Glee Club, Quartette, and Cosmos Club. We know you’ll be a success at whatever you undertake, Eddie.



GWENDOLYN HILL—Gwen is our class flirt! She is the cause of many a heartache. Her ambition is to be grown up and be recognized as such by L. Maxim and J. McDonald. She, also, is sweet sixteen. She is a member of the Cosmos Club and the Glee Club. She was one of our members elected to the Cabot Club this year.



MILTON JONES—“Milt” is a sailor of the high seas, and all the underclassmen are trying to imitate his swagger. He is well liked by all, with his ready grin and keen wit. Good luck to you Milt!



ELIZABETH KELLEY—"Kelly" is our girl athlete. She played on the Girls' Basket-Ball Team and last year she won several honors in the track meet. Playing sub on the boys' baseball team last year was quite a sensation, but Kelley didn't mind. Who would make a better gym teacher than Elizabeth Kelley?

DOROTHY KINSMAN—"Dot" has a great ambition—to grow up. We wonder which way? But of course, she wants to grow tall. She is a member of the Glee Club. When we were discussing the class flower, she didn't care what the flower was, as long as it was a "Bud".

NORMAN LANDSTROM—He is valedictorian of the class. He took the part of a rather ugly, awkward fellow from the back alleys in the Senior Play and did it very well. He is president of the Consule Planco Society, a member of the Glee Club, the "Sachem" Staff, and the Pro Merito Society. We're positive you will be a fine lawyer, Norman, and we'll be sure to take our divorce cases to you.

DORIS LEWIS—Doris' ambition is to be chewing gum all the time. Evidently she has been reprimanded for the crime. We hope that after June 18, she can chew to her heart's content. What kind do you want, Doris. —"Oh Boy"?

HAZEL LINCOLN—Hazel is one of our expert typists. She types in the office, besides extra work. She wants to own a roadster and to be a supervisor of music. We can't imagine quiet (?) Hazel driving a roadster, but you never can tell!







HAZEL LONG—Hazel is a member of the Glee Club. She wants to travel widely. It is a worthy ambition we'd all like to fulfill, and we wish you the best of luck, Hazel. You have been a faithful student, and Memorial High School will miss you.



HARVEY MacNEILL—Harvey is another fellow who fought for the black and orange on the football field. Harvey is rather quiet, but, according to Mrs. Brawn, he has marvelous possibilities. Anyway, Harvey is well liked.



ROGER MATTHEWS—"Rog" can usually keep out of mischief, but at times he can't help getting in thick with Mrs. Brawn. He means well, though, and will no doubt outgrow it. He was a member of the football squad, basketball quintet and Glee Club.



HAZEL MAXIM—Hazel is a member of the Girls' Glee Club, the Cosmos Club and the Pro Merito Club. She wants to see the Sahara Desert by moonlight. We never realized that she was so romantic. Perhaps the vast expanse appeals to her because she believes it to be broadening.



LEIGHTON MAXIM—Leighton's one ambition is to see Miss Hill grow up. We all hope that it is realized to the fullest extent. He is one of the best dressed boys in the class.



CHARLES MAYHEW—Charles has formed a “snappy” orchestra of his own and has furnished us with music at many of the socials. He is an expert with the violin and we expect much from him in fulfilling his ambition as a violinist. He is a member of the Orchestra and Football Team.

JOHN McDONALD—John is our best boy dancer. He was to take part of the constable in the Senior Play but was unable to do so because of an emergency operation that took place just before the time that the play was to be given. He was a member of the Football Team.

IVAN McLEOD—Ivan is a hard working boy who is sure to get along in the world. He doesn't say much, but that fact doesn't seem to interfere with his popularity. Luck to you, Ivan, we expect a lot of you.

MANUEL MADEIROS—Manuel is considered the sheik of the class by one girl at least. As he intends to follow the sea, he will, if possible, travel with the good ship “Anne.” We hope you don't run into any storms, Manuel.

STANLEY MENOWSKY—Stanley is the class wit. All of Miss Chase's English class of second period can verify this statement. Even the teachers can't resist his challenging grin. Stanley is a member of the Pro Merito Society.





EVERETT MURPHY—He is a member of the Orchestra, Glee Club, and the Baseball Team. His ambition is to be happy. We don't doubt that he will be, for his pleasant nature makes him many friends, and a person with friends is always happy.



ELOISE NIELSEN—Eloise is our best girl dancer. She made a wonderful society girl in our class play, though we all know she is not so conceited as the famed "Loretta" was. Her sunny smile attracts lots of attention and she will be missed in 'C2.



ARLEEN NOLAN—Arleen has been a faithful librarian and a member of the Cosmos Club. Her favorite indoor sport is gym on Thursdays. She says her greatest ambition is to be good, but we can't imagine her ever being bad.



DORIS PERKINS—Doris plans to teach school. We know she will be an efficient teacher. She is a member of the Cosmos Club. She is our most bashful girl. We seem to be blessed with blondes and Doris is no exception.



FORREST PERKINS—He helped the black and orange out in athletics, especially as a member of the Basketball Team. "Perky" says that he likes to play checkers. Perhaps that is the reason why he always waits for the teachers' next move before moving himself.





**DOROTHY PHILLIPS**—Dorothy is another quiet girl. She seldom speaks and we hardly ever know she is around. She follows the rule—"Girls should be seen and not heard." She is a member of the Glee Club. Her ambition is to be somebody's housewife.

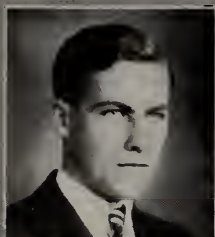
**EVELYN PIERCE**—Evelyn doesn't have much to say—she says it with smiles. "Speak little and you won't say too much," seems to be her motto. She assists our orchestra with her violin.

**ELIZABETH PLISSEY**—Another blonde. Elizabeth wants to "get through school". We wonder why. We have an idea that she is matrimonially inclined. Her favorite pastime is riding from Lakeville to Middleboro on the school bus.

**DONALD QUINDLEY**—Donald wants to be an aeroplane pilot. There is a lot of speculation as to whether or not he will own a "two seater" plane so that he can take that innocent Sophomore to ride or not. We don't believe Donald will be so worried looking when he leaves High School for there will be no Student Body dues to remember.

**HELEN ROBBINS**—Helen is another girl whose ambition is to graduate from M. H. S. They all have some outside interest greater than studies. She belonged to the Glee Club for one year. She, too, likes to ride on the school bus—especially on rainy days.





JOSEPH ROBERTS—Joe is the modest boy of our class. Although he doesn't say much, we know he does a lot of thinking. He doesn't know how near he came to being voted the most bashful boy in the class. Cheer up, we like you just the same.



VIRGINIA SASS—Virginia is the Editor-in-Chief of our Year Book. She was also on the Sachem Staff, a member of the Cosmos Club, Glee Club, and Pro Merito Society. What would the Senior Play have done without Virginia as its heroine? She certainly made a big hit. She is also a scholar and has one of the honor parts at graduation.



JOSEPH SILVA—"Joe" has filled center garden on the baseball team for his last two years. We all hope that he will be able to play an Hawaiian guitar, for that is his one ambition. He failed to mention for whom he wanted to play it.



CHARLOTTE SMITH—Charlotte was voted the best all round girl in the class. Although she is not snobbish, she has "Eayrs." She has been a member of the Glee Club, Pro Merito Society, and Secretary of the Student Body. She was one of the girls chosen from our class to belong to the Cabot Club.



GERTRUDE SNOWDEN—"Gert" is always in a hurry to do something or to go somewhere. Her pleasant disposition has made her many friends. She is always with Virginia Sass. Gert's ambition is to live in the "Wild and Woolly West." She is a member of Pro Merito Society.



GERALDINE STAFFORD—"Gerry" is our salutatorian. She has also read several times at our concerts. She is a member of the Glee Club, Pro Merito and Consule Planco Societies. Her ambition is to be a librarian and to write a book. We wonder if it will be a romance. We know it will be a success, as all Gerry's accomplishments are.

PHILIP STAFFORD—Philip doesn't say much about what he's thinking of, but now and then he smiles a subconscious smile, so they must be humorous thoughts. He is a good scholar, and will make a success at anything he undertakes.

STEPHEN STROJNY—Stephen is known as a willing helper. We wish his speed in the corridors would equal his speed on the highway. Whenever a car has been needed, he always has volunteered the service of himself and his car. We thank you, Stephen.

NATHALIE THIBAUT—"T" is a member of the Pro Merito Society, the Glee Club, and the Latin Club. She wants to go west and wear a big hat. We wonder if she'll meet Gertrude in her travels. Teachers don't wear big hats, Nathalie.

HELEN THOMAS—Another little girl with a big ambition. Our class seems to be full of would-be-travelers. Evidently Helen doesn't get enough traveling, journeying back and forth to school. It seems as though all the bus pupils like traveling in general.





SNOWDON THOMAS—Snowdon is a class booster. He is liked by all, and is sure to be a success in life. The class wishes you luck, Snowdon.



ALBERT THOMPSON—It is hard to find anything to say about Albert, for he says so little himself to give us a hint of how his mind is working. We *can* say, however, that he is very well liked by both sexes. It may be the part in the middle of his blonde hair.



RUTH TRIPP—Wherever Ruth is, Alice is there, too. They never seem to be apart and are always laughing at some secret joke. Ruth wants to travel abroad. We are almost sure she will, too.



ELIZABETH WALKER—Elizabeth is our genius at the piano. During her high school years, she has been studying music in Boston, and has given several recitals of her own. We know she will be successful and she has our best wishes.



STANLEY WARE—Stanley is the most popular boy in the Senior Class. He is a member of the football, baseball basketball teams, Glee Club, Year Book Staff, "Sachem" Staff, and Pro Merito Society. He was captain of each of the three sports for one year. He is president of the Cosmos Club, Student Body and Vice-President of the Senior Class.





REGINALD WASHBURN—Reginald is the class' most bashful boy. He was a member of the baseball squad and the star twirler last year. Reginald believes in the dignity of the class and carries that responsibility on his shoulders.

DONALD WELCH—"Don" is the President of the Senior Class and great honor is due him. He was the leading man in the Senior Play, and a member of the "Sachem" Staff. He made a very good hero and has commanded the awe and attention of underclassmates since the play. Is it true that he is robbing the cradle?

ROGER WESTON—"Rog" was a member of the baseball nine for two years. He never lets school work interfere with his good times. Mrs. Brawn can prove this very easily. Isn't it funny how the noisiest boys always choose the quietest girls?

MELVILLE WILBUR—"Mel" or "Toothpicks" has been an invaluable asset in our athletics. He has played in both football and basketball. Go easy on your Birthday cards and Christmas presents, classmates, for the responsibilities of United States Mail rests on the shoulders of Mel. He can manage it though.

ALFRED WOOD—Alfred is our class treasurer. He was captain of the Football Team in his Senior year. He is a member of the Pro Merito Society and the Editor-in-Chief of the "Sachem." If you want to see a good all-round fellow, take a look at Alfred.

ALICE WRIGHT—Last in the Year Book, but by no means last in the relay race. She has been prominent in our athletics. We discover that she, too, wants to travel—probably to keep Ruth company.





# Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1930

ALBERTO P. CHASE

**W**E the Senior Class of Memorial High School, do bequeath to the Freshman Class, our superior intelligence, unlimited knowledge, and years of experience, for the special benefit of the aforesaid class, which will without doubt, need said qualities, in order to successfully finish the four years of unending studies and activities which are in store for them.

We, the Class of 1930, do leave to Mrs. Brawn, a position in some High School, which will be a better school than the wonderful Brockton High.

In a special legacy from V. Norman Landstrom and Polly Drevinsky, we do bequeath to such unfortunate individuals as Andrew Pasztor, George Nolan, Peanut Allen, Stanley Sinosky, Wilfred Benoit and all others of the same stature, all the superfluous height and breadth of the said Landstrom and Drevinsky, so that some day these individuals may compare favorably with the present illustrious class.

In a separate and special legacy from Milton Jones, we do give and bequeath his knowledge of seamanship to "Red" McCarthy, so that he may become equal to Jones in using nautical terms.

In a very special legacy from Stanley Ware, we do bequeath to all those who may become afflicted with the disease of puppi-lovitis, the landing on the back stairway, to use in case of rain or cold weather.

In a separate legacy from the Senior boys

in Room 21 at fifth period, we leave a set of falsewhiskers and a course in a Correspondence School for Detectives to Mr. Hyman, to aid in his already magnificent work in finding fault.

We, the wonderful Senior Class, do give, in a hopeful spirit, to all those who wish to become auctioneers or radio broadcasters, the unbeatable voice and untiring set of lungs of Hazel Maxim.

In a particular legacy to Mr. Goodwin, Mel Wilbur leaves all his used and second-hand tooth-picks to be used in the furnace, so that in the winter months to come, the rooms on the North side of the building shall not be used as refrigerators.

In a separate legacy from Charlotte Smith and Ted Eayrs, we do bequeath and transfer their beautiful romance of long-standing, to Russell Eaton and Margaret Pearce, in the hopes that it may turn out as well.

In a special legacy to Austin Ward, we do leave the perseverance and ambition of Charles Mayhew, in order that, said Ward may in time rise to the position of a normal student.

In a separate legacy to the pupils of future Commercial Geography classes we do bequeath the charming manners and behavior of Roger Weston.

We, the exalted Senior Class, do give and bequeath all remaining funds in our Treasury, for the repairing of the many cracks and holes in the plastering and also to employ



some one to open the innumerable windows which refuse to be opened.

In a special legacy to Freddy Eldridge, we do give Roger Matthews' Number Tens, in order that the aforesaid Freddy's tiny feet may become big enough to stand upon.

In a separate legacy from Frederic Allen, we do give to Thomas West all the grace of said Allen, to use in his future toe dancing.

In a special legacy from John MacDona'd, we leave his endless store of wise-cracks to Stanley Benson, hoping that said Benson may become his worthy successor as the class amusement.

The Senior Class, in a special legacy from Stanley Menowsky, will give to anyone inquiring for such, the aforementioned Menowsky's formula for becoming a Pro Merito—by causing the worst disturbance of anyone in the class.

In a very special legacy from Alexander Heath, we do give and bequeath to "Al" Mitchell the "floor" in Student Body meetings.

In a very special legacy from Viola Caswell, we do leave with the pianist in future music periods, all the excess talent of said Viola. It will surely be needed!

In a special legacy from Gerry Stafford, the Senior Class of 1930, does give her lady-like manners and retiring disposition to Lemira Smith, so that she may act as the ordinary female should.

In a very particular legacy to Howard Robbins, the class of 1930 bequeaths the outstanding masculinity of Jimmy Brooks, to assure success in holding down his football captaincy of next year.

In a separate legacy, we leave with Robert Tobey, the secret of Elwin Hanson's charming and captivating way with women.

In a special legacy from the members of the Senior Play Cast, we do bequeath to the Juniors their unequalled talent, in order that they may have the success of the present Senior Class.

In a very special legacy to Merle Washburn, we do give the athletic ability to earn a real "M" for his sweater.

In a separate legacy from the Heath brothers, we do leave to anyone who wants it, their ability to wreck a car thoroughly without a smash-up.

In the last special legacy, we do give and bequeath to Donald Kraus the phenomenal power of "Mud" Medeiros to sleep in any class and appear to be wide awake.

We do hereby appoint Mr. Walter G. Hicks sole executor of this will and testament.

Signed in the presence of these honest but mentally unbalanced witnesses: Edward Casey, Kenneth Lakey and Lawrence Boehme. Sworn before Justice of the Peace, Honorable Francis V. Curley.







## *Walter Sampson Chapter of Pro Merito Society*



<i>Principal-Emeritus</i> Walter Sampson,		<i>Principal</i> Alfred R. Mack,	
<i>President</i> F. Eayrs,	N. Landstrom,	N. Thibault,	C. Smith,
H. Maxim,	V. Caswell,	A. Wood,	S. Menowsky,
G. Stafford,	A. Fabbri,	G. Snowden,	M. Caswell,
E. Nielson,	V. Sass,	S. Ware,	N. Fowler,
P. Stafford,	P. Drevinsky,	F. Carey,	



## Football Team

Coch MacGown, Capt. Wood, K. Lakey, F. Curley, G. Reddington.

A. Pasztor, N. Panesis, A. Hale, D. Welch, G. Morrissey,

L. Bissonnette, H. Robbins, S. Ware, N. Nielsen, F. Allen,

F. Shaw, D. Kraus, Z. Stulpin, H. MacNeill, A. Warren,

S. Benson, J. McDonald, E. Beckman, R. Matthews, A. Chase



## *Basketball Team*



A. Whitbeck, K. Lakey, R. Gammons, S. Ware, Coach MacGown,

H. Robbins, F. Perkins, F. Eldridge, R. Weston, R. Tobey,

Captain Chase, R. Matthews, S. Benson





## Baseball Team



R. Gammons,      F. Kincus,      R. Weston,      S. Ware,      F. Eayrs,  
 W. Lakey,   H. Robbins,   E. Murphy,   T. Cole,   Coach MacGown,  
 S. Benson,   R. Tobey,   A. Pasztor,   J. Texeira,   E. Allen,   L. Sullivan,  
 Z. Stulpin,   W. Washburn,   L. Dunham,   N. Fowler,   R. Howes,  
 L. Smith,   B. Shaw,   A. Mitchell,   R. Washburn,   F. Eldridge,  
                  D. Kraus,                   R. MacKenzie



## *Senior Play Cast*



### *Coaches*

Doris P. Chase

Bertha M. Cross

Irene M. Wentworth

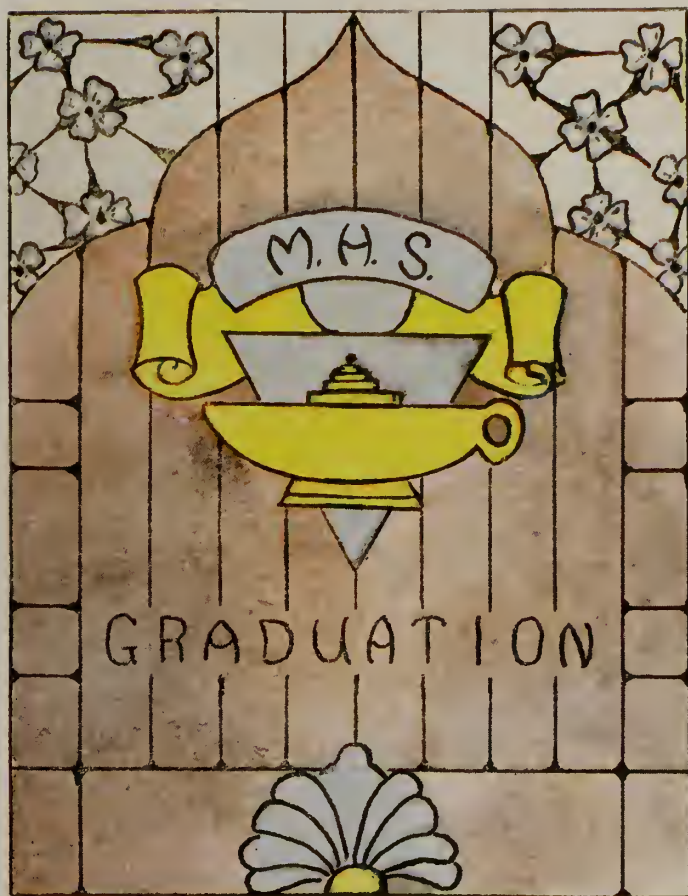
### *Actors*

Donald Welch, Virginia Sass, Geraldine Stafford, Stanley Ware,

Norman Fowler, Eloise Nielsen, Mildred Bowman,

Alexander Heath, Norman Landstrom, Polly Drevinsky,

Madeline Caswell, Nathalie Thibault, John McDonald





# Graduating Exercises

Wednesday Evening, June 18, 1930



MARCH OF THE GRADUATES

M. H. S. ORCHESTRA

PRAYER

REV. L. F. McDONALD

SALUTATORY AND ESSAY: Women Poets of Massachusetts

GERALDINE STAFFORD

MUSIC: Vocal Solo, a. The Danza

*Dobson*

b. Cargoes

POLLY V. DREVINSKY

READING: A Play

*A. Brown*

MADELINE G. CASWELL

MUSIC: Hymn to America

*M. H. Gulesian*

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

ESSAY: Girl Scouting as an Aid to International Friendliness

NATHALIE I. THIBAUT

MUSIC: Piano Solo, Polonaise in A Major

*Chopin*

VIOLA M. CASWELL

ESSAY: Development of Education in Massachusetts

VIRGINIA M. SASS

MUSIC: A House by the Side of the Road

A Cottage Small

BOYS' QUARTETTE





CLASS PROPHECY

FREDERICK E. EAYRS

NORMAN A. FOWLER

STANLEY A. WARE

ESSAY AND VALEDICTORY: Three Hundred Years

V. NORMAN LANDSTROM

SINGING OF CLASS ODE

WORDS BY GERTRUDE A. SNOWDEN

PRESENTATIONS

AWARDS

Cabot Club Essay Prizes

Washington and Franklin Medal

Legion Medal

SCHOLARSHIPS

Cabot Club Scholarship

Anne White Washburn Scholarship

DIPLOMAS

Allan R. Thatcher, Chairman of School Committee

BENEDICTION

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CLASS FLOWER

*Forget - Me - Not*

CLASS MOTTO

*Finished - - yet beginning*

CLASS COLORS

*Blue and Gold*



# Salutatory and Essay: Women Poets of Massachusetts

GERALDINE STAFFORD

THE Class of 1930 welcome here this evening the members of the School Board, our Principal-emeritus, Mr. Sampson, and the Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Cushing; Mr. Mack, our Principal, Mr. Tillson, our Submaster, and the other teachers. We also welcome the parents and friends of our class. We wish to express our gratitude to everyone who has helped make this graduation possible.

In our program we are observing the tercentenary of our state. It is largely of Massachusetts history and Massachusetts people that we speak. Our state can boast of many famous men and women—statesmen, authors, artists, and leaders in all professions. This evening I shall speak of a few women poets.

Everyone is familiar with the name of Katherine Lee Bates, the author of "America the Beautiful." She was a native of Falmouth, a teacher who was too busy to write as much as she wished. But during the World War she composed stirring war poems; and once, when on a visit to Colorado, she was inspired to write "America the Beautiful." She also wrote of the Indians who lived in Massachusetts when our forefathers came here. The poem, "Indian Bearers," expresses the relation between the white men and the Indians, and shows the bitterness of the latter when their lands were taken away. An Indian is speaking:

Long ago, when the heads now hoar  
Slept in their mothers' necks, our shore

Was sold to the palefaces; long ago  
Were set the bounds where our fires might  
glow.

They came from Plymouth, the white chiefs  
seven,

Friends of the terrible God of Heaven,  
Came for the woods where we loved to rove,  
For our eight fresh ponds and our shellfish  
cove.

But we longed for the hunt as we plied the  
tillage;

Caged wolves were we in our Indian village,  
Ever the spring wind called to our blood,  
And our longings surged like the tide in  
flood;

But level or upland, sunny or dim,  
The paleface deemed it was made for him.  
Our hearts are bitter and clamorous.  
Red Sun, Red God, O comfort us!

Of quite another type are the poems of Emily Dickinson. Since her death there has been much publicity concerning this unusual author. She lived practically all her life in Amherst, and hardly ever left her own doorstep. During her lifetime, only three or four poems were published; but after her death, her relatives gave up enough of the little rhymes to fill several books. Emily Dickinson had a religion all her own; when she wrote of God, it was in a direct, frank way which makes the reader feel its sincerity. "Chartless" is a poem typical of her attitude.



I never saw a moor,  
I never saw the sea;  
Yet now I know how heather looks,  
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,  
Nor visited in Heaven;  
Yet certain am I of the spot  
As if the chart were given.

Emily Dickinson loved solitude. During her lifetime she *was* "nobody," as far as the outside world was concerned. She realized the fact, but it didn't trouble her a bit, for she wrote:

I'm nobody! Who are you?  
Are you nobody, too?  
Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!  
They'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody!  
How public, like a frog  
To tell your name the livelong day  
To an admiring bog!

There was a little girl in Northampton, a few years ago, whose remarkable poems have been printed in several volumes. She is the daughter of Grace Hazard Conkling, a writer herself. Little Hilda Conkling began to make up poems at the age of four. She didn't write them, of course, but told them to her mother, who wrote them down without any corrections or changes. They are evidently the thoughts of a child; yet they show unmistakable talent. These poems are nearly all written about some aspect of nature. They are, for the most part, without rhyme, or regular meter. It is the thought that makes them beautiful—

and the careful phrasing so unusual in a small child. "Moon Song" is one of the best known.

There is a star that runs very fast,  
That goes pulling the moon  
Through the tops of the poplars.  
It is all in silver,  
The tall star.  
The moon rolls goldenly along  
Out of breath.  
Mr. Moon, does he make you hurry?

Like the moon, all other objects of nature are personified by Hilda, especially flowers, as is well shown in the poem, "Dandelion."

O little soldier with the golden helmet,  
What are you guarding on my lawn?  
You with your green gun  
And your yellow beard,  
Why do you stand so stiff?  
There is only the grass to fight!

Probably the most famous woman poet of Massachusetts is Amy Lowell, who lived in Brookline. She has modernized poetry as everything else has been modernized. She belonged to the "impressionistic school"; that is, she wrote poems which give impressions by using the exact word and no other, and by conveying the thought in free verse, without regular changes for rhyme or meter. Many of her poems are real pictures, reflecting the color and beauty of the out-of-doors. Perhaps Amy Lowell's greatest lines were written when she was unhappy, and they often show a cynical outlook upon life. However, her moods cannot destroy the charm of her expression. Let me quote her poem, "A Dimension."



Tonight I stood among roses,  
Watching the slow studding of the sky with  
stars.

The cat fawned upon me to play with him.  
Poor little cat, you have only me,  
Unless we add that delightful feather on the  
end of a whip.  
I have flowers, and the high green loveliness  
of an evening sky,  
And I find them not worth your feather,  
Since the earth happens to be round as an  
orange,  
And I am not possessed of seven-league boots.

There is one more author in our group—  
Josephine Preston Peabody. Most of her  
poems are rather hard to comprehend, al-  
though they are worthwhile for their thought  
and beauty. One or two of them, however,  
are popular for their very simplicity. In  
closing, I will give one of these, which might  
have been written especially for our gradua-  
tion night, when we are all taking a new

turn on the Road of Life. This poem is  
called "The House and the Road."

The little Road says, Go;  
The little House says, Stay;  
And O, it's bonny here at home,  
But I must go away.

The little Road, like me,  
Would seek and turn and know;  
And forth I must, to learn the things  
The little Road would show!

And go I must, my dears,  
And journey while I may,  
Though heart be sore for the little House  
That had no word but Stay.

Maybe, no other way  
Your chi'd could ever know  
Why a little House would have you stay,  
When a little Road says, Go.





# Class Prophecy

FREDERICK EAYRS

NORMAN FOWLER

STANLEY WARE

Time: 1950.

Scene: Plympton State Penitentiary.

Warden Jake Fowler paces the prison yard in an angry mood. (Prison whistle sounds.) (Voice from inside) "Hey Jake here's a couple of tough ones for you. Watch 'em, they are slippery as grease."

Fowler: Come on you birds, make it snappy. Step lively. (Threatens with gun.) Come on! Did you hear what I said? If you birds don't come with the count of three I'll let you have one. (Ware enters followed by Eayrs in prison garb).

Fowler: (to Ted) Your name please? Give me your name. (Ted stares in an absent minded manner). Your name! What's your name? (Ted continues to stare).

Ware: Tell him your name. Haven't you got a name? (Ted whispers in Stanley's ear.) No, not that. Your name! Your name!

(Ted whispers again) Oh! Yeah. Sure that's it. Yeah.

Fowler: Well, what is his name?

W: Yeah.

F: Yeah.

W: Yeah.

F: Yeah. Well, don't get wise or I'll slap you down. I want his name. What is it?

W: Yeah.

E: Yeah.

F: Yeah.

W and E: Yeah.

F: Oh! you mean y-e-a-h. (Spells) E-A-Y-R-E-S.

F: Now, what's your name, bozo? Hurry up now so that I can jot it down in my little book.

W: Ware.

F: Right here in the book. What's your name? Your name!

W: Ware.

F: I didn't say Where; what's your name? Here, you nut, write it in the book.

W: Oh! Ware in the book.

F: On the line, of course.

W: Above or below the line?

F: (Handing him book) Here, write them both on the line right here.

W: (Ware writes names and hands book back elosed.)

F: What's your education?

W and E: We went to Middleboro High School.

F: (Writing) Edueation—none. Apparently you, two birds, didn't get much out of High School.

E: Oh, High School was all right but it was just the principle of the thing that got us.

W: And how! And!

E: Well I'll be seeing you. (starts off).

F: Come back here. You behave yourself—you—or something is liable to happen.

E: Well I'll do anything I can for you warden.

F: Well, don't put yourself out. (Both start to work again while F. looks at book).

F: (Crying out excitedly) Eayrs and





Ware! Say, you two birds aren't Eayrs and Ware of old Middleboro High School, are you?

E & W: Sure, that's us. We always were partners in crime. (Ware lifts watch from Eayrs' pocket while he has his arm around him).

W: If I had the time, I could tell you plenty of those good old days.

E: Well, it kinda looks as if you had the time, (taking watch away) but you don't have to bother taking mine.

F: Say! Don't you two fellows remember me?

E: I'd like to remember you with a brick. (Grabs one).

F: Don't you remember Normy Fowler? What 20 years have done to you two babies.

W and E: Sure—Normy Fowler. Well, I'll be—

F: How'd you fellows ever get into this place, anyhow?

W: Oh! me and Ted were in the selling game, but we didn't sell the same goods and people got wise and penned us up.

F: What do you mean by you didn't sell the same goods?

W: Well Ted went around selling stove polish that leaves a stain on your fingers, and two days later I would go around with the only soap that would take it off.

E: I'll admit that we were putting something over on the public but what makes us sore is that the "big shots" Charles Bricknell, Harvey MacNeill, and Ellsworth Beckman got away with the cash, and we got thrown in the jug. So here we are, down but not out.

F: That's tough, but you fellows are no worse off than Maxim and McLeod. They

were locked up because they were selling stock for the BANANA OIL FIELD CORPORATION and got caught.

W: Banana Oil fields—that sounds like Maxim.

E: Say, they were all members of our class, weren't they?

F: They sure were.

W: I wonder what's become of the old gang? Do you ever hear from Rog Weston now?

F: I got a letter from Rog the other day and he was telling me that he is working for the National Biscuit Co.

W: Salesman?

F: No, no, he's down in South Africa getting new designs for animal crackers.

W and E: Is that so?

F: Sure is.

W: I wonder what ever became of Al Chase?

E: Why I was reading in the paper the other night that Al married Zola Auderson.

W and F: Is that a fact?

E: Sure! It seems that Al won a couple of tickets to Niagara Falls in a newspaper contest, and thought that that would be a good way to make use of them.

F: One guy I often wonder about is Fred Allen. Ever hear from him?

W: The last I knew Fred was in bankruptcy.

F: How's that?

W: Why the Allen, Carey & Menosky Circus that he was managing fell flat.

E: Allen managing a circus?

W: Sure thing, but Fred had a tough break.

E: How did that happen?

W: It's just like this—Allen was running



a trained flea circus—and he was stranded out in Bolivia when the leading lady ran off with a Poodle.

F: Speaking about that flea circus, wasn't it Milt Jones that used to brag about his father printing the "Lord's Prayer" on the head of a pin?

W: Sure. I know he used to brag a lot.

F: He's following in his father's footsteps. He was tattooing fleas in Allen's flea circus.

E: By the way, I see that Rog Mathews has become one of the most famous men in the world.

F: How's that?

E: Why he and Francis Scott Key are the only two fellows in the world that know all three verses of the "Star Spangled Banner."

W: Somehow or other, everytime anyone mentions music, makes me think of Liz Walker.

F: That girl sure could tickle the ivories.

W: Yeah, she's playing Jimmy Brooks' new song hit "My Sailor Sweetheart" for Polly Drevinsky.

E: Polly! That's right I knew she would follow up her singing.

W: No! Singing? I guess not. Why Polly is a toe dancer in Al Gerrior's Follies "Hit the Deck" with Helen Robbins, Helen Thomas, and Ruth Tripp, the high kickers in the show.

F: I bet that guy Stafford got ahead.

E: It's lucky for him. He'd never got anywhere with the one he had.

W: Speaking about getting ahead, I see Alex Heath is getting right along at Roosevelt Field in the Aerial department.

E: An aviator, huh! We all remember

how he used to play aviator flying around in his Ford with that aviator helmet and those Woolworth's glasses. Going strong in the aerial department huh! An aviator. Is that so?

W: Aviator nothing. He's pumping up footballs for the Roosevelt H. S. football team.

F: What's his brother, Ed, doing now?

E: Ed Heath? Isn't he the guy that used to come to school when we had a period omitted?

F: Yes, it seems to me I used to see him there once in a while.

W: Maybe he didn't go to school when he didn't want to, but just the same he's got a job that I wouldn't have for all the money in the world.

F: Why, what's Ed doing?

W: He's working for the Plympton lion raisers association.

F: What?

E: No kidding?

W: Sure he works right out in the field with them, hundreds of them, thousands of them.

F: You don't say. What is he doing? Taming them?

E: By George! Ed Heath, a lion tamer! Is that right?

W: Sure——dandelions.

F: Say did you fellows hear about the latest invention?

E: No, what about it?

F: You remember Forest Perkins, don't you? Well, he invented a soft rubber mouth piece for a telephone for his wife, Gwen Hill, so that she can bite it when she gets real mad.

W: Aha! Another man made famous by his wife.



E: Speaking of wives making their husbands famous, did you hear about what Liz Kelly did?

F: No, what's the dope?

E: She's the cause of her husband, Professor Black, discovering perpetual motion.

W: No!

E: Sure. Free took her down to Edison's laboratory and had her jaws examined and Edison swore that at last perpetual motion had been discovered.

F: Whom do you think I met in Boston the other day?

W: I'm sure I don't know.

E: Whom?

F: I met our old friend Al Hanson, and he told me he was working in Mary Allison's and Virginia Caswell's beauty parlor.

W: Beauty parlor, what's he doing there?

F: He's a barber and he told me it was lucky for him that they gave him a job.

W: How's that? I heard he went to a Barber College.

F: He did, but he was playing football for the varsity and they kicked him out.

E: What did Al do, break training?

F: No, he got kicked out for clipping.

W: The other day I saw Ruth Carver, an old classmate of ours, and she poohed me.

E: I wouldn't stand being poohed by anyone.

F: I didn't think that Ruth would do anything so vulgar as that.

W: Naw, you guys got it all wrong. She shampooed me. She's working for Mary and Virginia, too.

E: Speaking of Hanson playing football, reminds me that Reggie Washburn is chasing the pigskin around quite a bit.

F: So Reggie turned out to be a football star?

E: Naw, he's running a hog farm down in Darby town.

W: Living alone, I suppose?

E: Alone! I should say not.

F: You don't mean to say Reg is married?

E: He certainly is.

W and F: Who's the lucky girl?

E: Why, our classmate Foofe Gooda'e.

W: Who was that girl she used to chum around with?

F: Ask Ted. He ought to know.

E: The last I knew Charlotte was working as a dental assistant to the dentist, Dr. Snowden Thomas.

W: What happened between you, Ted. I thought Charlotte and you were pretty chummy?

E: Well, to make a long story short, boys, it was just like this, one evening I met her in Boston and plans were made for a theatre party. Naturally she didn't want to walk all over the city, so I chanced to ask her if she knew the difference between a taxi and a trolley car. She blushed and said that she really didn't know. So I said "Very well, we'll take a trolley." She was insulted and walked off. I don't know to this day what the trouble is.

E: By the way, the last time I saw Charlotte she told me that Viola Caswell and Margaret Charon had taken up missionary work down in the wilds of East Carver.

W: I see that our old friend, Helen April, went in for settlement work after graduating from Simmons College.

F: Where is she located?

W: Down at Joe Silva's Soda Fountain—



mixing Bromo Seltzers. Gosh! I wish that you two fellows could go to the big benefit dance tonight with me. Here's one of the tickets. (Ware reads)

**BENEFIT DANCE**

by

**THE CAMEMBERT, LIMBURGER,  
ROQUEFUT GIRLS' CLUB**

Priscilla Archer, Pres.

V. Norman Landstrom is suffering with a pair of legs that just won't stop growing. They leave the bottom of his trousers about a foot from his shoe tops. We want to get enough money so that we can throw a party for his shoes and then invite his pants down

Music by Don Quindley's incubators.

Admission 39 cents. 3 cents tax.

F: I saw John MacDonald the other day. He told me that Mud Medeiros was physical instructor at Springfield athletic college.

W: What's John doing now?

F: Why didn't you hear? He's invented a cigarette lighter that will light with one match.

E: Did you read in the paper the other day that Charlie Mayhew buried seventeen wives?

W: A regular old "Blue Beard," huh?

E: Naw! he's an undertaker.

W: Naw, I didn't read that, but I did read that Eloise Nielson, the noted aviatrix, was badly injured the other day.

F: How did that happen?

W: She jumped from an aeroplane and didn't open the parachute because it wasn't raining.

F: Last year when I was on my vacation down to the sea shore, I bumped into Everett Murphy.

W: Everett Murphy! What is he doing?

F: Why, he's a life saver.

E: What flavor?

F: I was talking with him and he told me that he had saved a wealthy heiress by the name of Arleen Nolan.

W: Arleen! What did she say?

F: Murphy said she didn't say a word.

W: Then it wasn't Arleen.

E: That's the first news I've heard of Arleen, but I hear that Gerry Stafford's new historical novel went over big.

W and F: So Gerry's an author? Well —what's the name of the book?

E: Why haven't you heard about it? It's called "WHERE WOULD OUR COUNTRY BE IF THE BRITISH RED COATS HAD HAD BLOOD SHOT EYES IN THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL."

W: Oh sure "Don't shoot 'till you see the whites of their eyes."

W: You remember Nat Thibault, Millie Bowman, and Hazel Maxim?

E and F: Sure, what are they up to?

W: Why—— Nat Thibault's going great guns on Broadway in the tragedy hit of the year "CAESAR'S SPEAKEASY" written by M. Bowman and, boy, you'd ought to hear Nat sing the theme song written by Hazel Maxim.

E and F: Theme song? What's the name of it?

W: Why what else could it be but "VENI, VIDI, WHOOPIE."

F: I was reading in the paper that Ginnie Sass is trying for a divorce.

W: Ginnie married? I'll bet I know the trouble. Her husband probably found out that she had been holding back something on him.





E: You mean that time that she was kissed in the Senior Class play?

W: Sure—the little sinner—I'll bet Gin never told him anything about it.

F: Oh, no, that's not the trouble. She married a conductor and he just told her where to get off.

W and E: You can sure bet that Gin wouldn't stand for that.

W: Like all conductors, I suppose he took his last farewell.

W: Ha! Ha! By the way who was the conductor?

F: None other than our old friend, Roger Burger.

W: Well, what do you know about that—Roger Burger and Ginnie Sass married and wanting to be divorced.

E: Albert Thompson is the fellow who surprised me.

W: How's that Ted?

E: Why he's Dean of Roquefort College.

W: Head cheese up there, huh?

E: Righto! But more than that he has become famous for his great economy plan.

F: What's Thompy's plan?

E: Why he has the football team play night games so the students can get their studying done without wasting the dormitory electricity.

W: Well I'll be—

E: Say, have you fellows ever heard from Wood or Welch? They gave everyone the impression that they would be big shots some day.

W: Big shots? Well, I'll say so. Why out in Chicago they're the two biggest hams in the ARMOUR PACKING CO.

F: Did you fellows hear that Lawrence

Bissonnette and Florence Clark had been married?

E: Is that so? What's Lawny doing to support a wife?

F: Oh he's a member of the CHAIN GANG.

E: You don't mean that he's in jail do you?

F: No, no. He's working for the A. & P.

W: I suppose a lot of the o'd gang have been married off. Say Ted it's about time you and I took the fatal leap.

E: You're right, Stan. Take Mary Ferraguto for instance, she has gone and pulled the unexpected by marrying Steve Strojny.

W: Is that right?

E: Sure they're running a "Lingvist School." Say they can speak every language going except the "Greek."

W: Can you beat that?

E: Huh, they're all "Greek" to them.

F: Did you know that Madeline Caswell has distinguished herself as an artist?

W & E: An artist? I knew that girl had talent.

F: Why, she paints a picture in a day and a half and thinks nothing of it.

W: No, and neither does anyone else as far as that goes.

E: I hear that Dot Lewis has become a famous poetess.

F and W: What does she write?

E: Why she writes WERSE AND WERSE AND WERSE—

W: I met Hazel Lincoln a short time ago and she told me that Dot Kinsman had been running a Baker Shop—but had to give it up.

F and E: How's that?

W: Why she ran out of dough.

F and E: My gosh, that's too bad!





F: Well, what's Hazel doing with herself nowadays?

W: Why, she and Gert Snowden are running a roadside stand—selling waffles.

E: Doing well, I suppose?

W: I should say they were—why, they have a complete turnover of stock every few minutes.

F: I see that the HUMANE SOCIETY is making a big drive to acquire cuspidors for dogs. This drive is being conducted by four society women, Alice Wright, Evelyn Pierce, Doris Perkins, and Annie Fabbri.

W and E: CUSPIDORS??? DOGS??? I don't get the connection. What kind of dogs have they got over there, anyway?

F: Why SPITZ of course.

E: The last day I was on the road selling OUR FAMOUS STOVE POLISH, I met E'izabeth Plissey. She told me that she and Kat Fagan were working on a new song hit, The "GORILLA SONG."

W: What do you mean the "GORILLA SONG?"

E: Why—G-U-R-L OF MY DREAMS.

W: That's nothing—you'd ought to hear the one "Dot" Phillips is writing.

E: Yeah? What is it?

W: The "Mouse Trap Song."

E: What do you mean "Mouse Trap Song"?

W: MY SIN IS NECKING YOU.

F: I hear that Hazel Long met with a tough break.

W: How's that?

F: Why she lost out on a lot of money.

W: What happened?

F: Why her rich uncle died.

W: Didn't he remember her in his will?

F: I guess he must have. He left her out.

E: They tell me that Joe Roberts is making a lecture tour of the country on the subject "A LITTLE EGYPTIAN STONE FLEA THAT IS EATING ITS WAY THROUGH WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT."

W: Remember Helen Fargo? Gee, she was some girl. Quite athletic too. Why she could do a hundred yards in ten flat. (Ten minutes, not ten seconds). My gosh! I remember how she wasn't allowed to accompany a young man at the piano without a chaperon.

E: Yes, I remember. But who's the chaperon?

W: Elaine Bricknell used to have the job, but she had to give it up.

F: How's that?

W: Why Elaine's got a CHAP-OF-HER-OWN now.

E: Well, I guess that's about all of us.

W and F: Yep, I guess you're right.

E and W: Well, back to the water and toothpicks.

F: Say, when you said toothpicks it happened to come to me that there is another member of our class. You know who I mean. Lead Wilbur.

W: Well I'll be—, How did we ever leave good old Lead out?

E: You know, boys, I always had an idea that Lead would some day become a captain of an ocean liner.

W: What ever made you think that? That's the last thing I'd ever picture Lead doing. Just how do you figure that out, anyway?

E: Well, he was always a first class skipper when I knew him.



W: Well, Lead always did say that "absence" makes the marks grow "rounder."

(Noon whistle sounds)

E: Time to eat again. Say I'm getting pretty sick of the prison grub.

W: You don't expect to get oyster on the half shell in here do you?

E: And another thing the "Demi Tasse" was terrible this morning, but there is one thing I wish you would tell me, Normy.

F: Shoot, Ted. What is it?

E: Well I'd like to know what the big idea is of feeding us yeast cakes every day?

F: Why, my good old classmates, that's to keep you from breaking out, of course.

W: Classmates BAH!—LET'S GET OUT OF HERE TED——AND IN A HURRY.

(W and E pick Fowler up by the collar and rush out.)





# Essay and Valedictory: Three Hundred Years

V. NORMAN LANDSTROM

**I**N the year 1630, John Winthrop led a band of colonists to the shores of Massachusetts. They had left their native country, England, and all its cherished associations, to try their fortune in a new land where they might be able to govern themselves and to worship their God as they desired. By them was founded the town of Boston, today the center of all New England.

These colonists, called Puritans because of their desire to purify the Church from its pomp and ceremony, had ideas far in advance of their times. Their ideals of democratic government, of education free to all, and of sincere worship are not even today fully realized. But they soon started toward the realization of these ideals, by the development of a representative assembly, by the founding of Boston Latin School and Harvard College, by enacting laws making public schools compulsory in all towns of more than fifty families; and by the setting up of the first printing press and newspaper.

There are, however, shameful chapters in the history of religion in Massachusetts. The Puritans, stern, hard men, seemed to feel that there was room enough elsewhere for other sects, and that the benefits of the Commonwealth, or at least all important positions in the government, should be reserved for those of their own belief. This attitude led to much trouble with Quakers and other denominations. In 1692 more trouble arose in Salem—witchcraft. Following Biblical law—"Thou

shalt not suffer a witch to live"—before the terror died away, the Puritans had hanged nineteen persons on mere suspicion without proof of guilt.

Meanwhile, Massachusetts was growing rapidly. As the colony and its trade grew, the English government became more and more despotic. Charles II took away the charter in 1684, Massachusetts becoming a royal province. After the English revolution of 1689, William of Orange gave the colony a new charter, uniting it with Plymouth under a royal governor, and insuring religious toleration for those of every belief. Massachusetts remained under this charter until the Revolution of 1775.

After the French and Indian Wars, Parliament became unreasonable, refusing to allow the colonists the rights which they claimed as Englishmen. The people of Boston protested against the unfair laws; the Boston Massacre and the Boston Tea Party added fuel to the flames. Finally at Lexington in 1775 was fired "the shot heard round the world," the beginning of actual war. Massachusetts struck the keynote for the other colonies, by her action bringing them over to enthusiastic support of the Revolution, and giving of her best to make it successful.

In the Union, our State has played a glorious part. She has given to the nation such men as John Adams, second President of the United States; John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States, the man behind the Monroe Doctrine; Daniel Webster,



world famous orator and statesman; Charles Sumner, a prominent figure during the Civil War and Reconstruction period; Henry Cabot Lodge, the late Senator, famous for his knowledge of international law; Calvin Coolidge, twenty-ninth President of the United States; and a host of others.

The frigate Constitution, most famous of all American ships, whose history includes so many thrilling battles, was built in Massachusetts. Our State was the first to abolish negro slavery; and in the Civil War, Massachusetts men shed the first blood and fought on every battlefield to free all the slaves. In the World War, the 26th or Yankee Division, composed of men from Massachusetts and from the rest of New England, became famous for its deeds of heroism.

Not only has Massachusetts produced great statesmen, but she has many sons famous in arts and literature: Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Oliver Wendell Holmes are only a few of these. Our State has produced leading educators, too, as Horace Mann and President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard University.

Three hundred years after its founding, Massachusetts is today one of the leading states of the nation. She is famous for her manufactures, her educational system, her judicial procedure. Her natural resources are many; she is especially well provided with

waterpower, one of the prime requisites in this day of electricity. Her countryside offers many beautiful scenes to the passing traveler. Her capital, Boston, is one of the centers of culture in the whole United States. Her population is today more than three million inhabitants. Massachusetts has had a glorious past; she is now a leader of the nation. And who shall limit the heights to which Massachusetts in the future may rise?


\* \* \* \* \*

Classmates: The time has come when we must bid farewell to Memorial High School. Four happy years we have been together. While there is deep satisfaction in having attained our goal, we cannot help feeling a tinge of sadness when we remember that tonight marks the end of our high school days. There are no adequate words in which to express our gratitude to our faithful and efficient teachers. We sincerely appreciate their efforts, and bid them, as our teachers, a regretful and affectionate farewell. Classmates, we must go our separate ways; but let us always cherish the ideals we have formed here, and remember:

It's not that we think or wish or hope,  
As through the darkness here we grope;  
But it's what we do and what we are  
In heart and thought and character.







## To Our School

*Tune: "The Old Refrain"*

Our high school days are done in M. H. S.  
Our future work begun, dear M. H. S.  
Farewell to happy days we've spent with you,  
Farewell to all our friends and teachers true.  
You've helped us on our way through all these years,  
You've shared with us in all our joys and fears,  
You've been our life and all we cared to know,  
And now apart from you it's time to go.  
Our thoughts will oft return to happy days  
We'll sing our songs to you and shout thy praise,  
Our teachers and our schoolmates now we'll say  
You know where we should always like to stay.

Tho many years shall pass, our school so true,  
Thy memory will last, for we love you.  
A memory so fair that all may share,  
A reverie of days spent in thy care.  
We'll keep thee in our hearts forever more,  
We'll sing thy praises to you o'er and o'er,  
We'll tell of all the joys with which you bless,  
That others too may share your happiness.  
Our high school days are done, fair M. H. S.  
Another task begun, our M. H. S.  
And now to thee our school, we say adieu;  
We know that other friends will stay with you.

*Gertrude Snowden.*

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Memorial high school  
Middleboro, Mass.

Year book of the  
70 class of 1930

